

Morningside Lane

"Lower Voices"

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Spending these nights in the scripts cling of the keys
over my heart,
Engine running low, broken notes, and waiting for the
song to start
When from my seat I hear the songs crackling in the
wire, stationed coast to coast
Street invaders from my window just like those scenes I
hear the most

There I go again with these voices crawling round my
head
Sunken so low, I'm itching for a little revenge

Same old scenes, broken dreams, these 45's make
me understand
But you could be a saint and complain and take just like
a man
As these days close in all these nights are growing
dim, lonely teardrops over me down to the dash
Slipping my skin and Levi's full of cash,

There I go again with these voices crawling round my
head
Sunken so low, I'm itching for a little revenge

Voices soft and low (voices soft and low)
Voices soft and low (voices soft and low)
Voices soft and low (voices soft and low)
Voices soft and

There I go again with these voices crawling round my
head
Sunken so low, I'm itching for a little revenge
There I go again with these voices crawling round my
head
Sunken so low, I'm itching for a little revenge

And there I go again,
There I go again,
And There I go again,
Yeah

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